1:Sanders Z-5N (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

823 Despite many difficulties, the rural Greeks continue to like the summits
361 about them, and they settle down in bleak and stony areas with a contentment hard for the outsider to understand. At a point between Lamia and Karpenesi near Tymphrestos Mountain, we passed a peasant woman who was driving a donkey loaded with alfalfa to her village.

"This is a nice place here, isn't it?" we said, to get a conversation started.

"Yes, it's nicely situated."

"Have you got water?"

[312] "Yes, we brought it from afar [made an installation] and now we are all right. The winter is hard but we are prepared to face it. We gather our wood in advance and we sit around our fireplaces, spin, weave, eat chestnuts, while our animals are down below eating their fodder."

A few miles farther on we talked to another woman walking along the road. She remarked in the course of the conversation: "My son wanted to go to America. He went. Now, he's longing for his mountains."

To understand Greece, therefore, one must know not only the geography of her mountains, but the meaning of these mountains to the people who make them their home. The economic struggle in these highland villages
241 is told by Papaspyropoulos in his account of Kleitoria, in the Peloponnesos.
433 Notice his comparison with the lowland villages.

The villagers of my village, like all the others of that area, are farmers. Even the priest is an agriculturist, as well as the teacher, the doctor, and those who own the shops. The shepherds also are farmers; one day they go with
[233] their sheep, and the next day they go to their fields. Farming is the basis; livestock and other occupations are secondary. Systematic livestock production is only done by the shepherds of Mount Chelmos. The agricultural life in our
[312] village is very hard because the fields are few and divided into strips and the
[423] water is scarce. Each owner does not have his fields in one spot; he has one stremma [one-fourth acre] here and another further down; the one on the heights and the other in the plains, the one to the right, the other to the left. Thus in walking "they melt [wear out] their shoes." The same and even worse takes place when it is time for watering. No roads! They walk on stones here and there in the ravines, and to go back to their village after their work, tired
[487] as they are, they have to walk for an hour or more. And what sort of road! Abrupt paths and steep climbs. Neither shoes nor clothes can remain undamaged. They roam around in rags. Only on Sundays and on larger holidays can one see them in some way neatly dressed. A hard life without improvement, for the fields are few and not productive. A soft and restful life is led by the
[312] lowlanders. They have a good plain, straight road and lots of water, which is supplied by the river there. For this reason they have all kinds of fruit orchards, vegetable gardens, and other kinds of trees.

1:Sanders Z-54 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

III

The Village Setting

621 Part of the story of Greek survival lies in the village form of organization.
361 To be sure, the city has exercised a tremendous sway over the thought and
[369] mood of the Greek people in the past and even more so today. But a peasant's tangible world has been his village. We see the village first of all as a place with a focal point, or square, from which emanate streets, lanes, or paths winding in adjustment to the local surface features. As a place,
[491] the village has increasing connections with the outside world, since new
[487] roads continue to replace donkey tracks which until recently led from the more isolated areas.

But the village is also a service center where the farm family can shop or get some local artisan to make or repair household or farm equipment. In the rural areas of Greece, as elsewhere, these village services do not extend to waste disposal, this being the responsibility of the individual family. Viewed from another point, the village is a collection of houses, yards, and gardens, which also deserve a brief description if one is to see the backdrop against which so much of the peasant's daily life occurs.

621 In the village the rural Greek has found a pattern of life which gives him
[476] the many advantages of a close-knit community and at the same time allows
438 him to farm his land, exchange work and implements with his relatives or
[233] neighbors, sell his crops, and care for his animals in a common pasture, frequently under the care of a common swineherd or shepherd. Agricultural

2:Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 1963 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

49 onto the Atalanti road at the BP station will stop here if there are any passengers.
484 The asphalt and dirt roads are not the only routes by which the village can be approached. The local railroad station of Helikon is just a mile up the highway going toward Kifisokhori. Trains from Athens stop at Helikon at least once a day. The train can also be used to reach Kifisokhori. Thus, a resident of Vasilika can reach any of the main towns of eastern Greece with relative ease and at no great expense, even from the standpoint of his own standard of living.

438 The same transportation routes which enable the villagers to leave their homes also enable people and products to enter the village. Itinerant vendors of
443 fresh fish, oranges, tomatoes, ice cream, cloth, crockery, sacred pictures, and the
484 like reach Vasilika over these roads. Tinsmiths, blacksmiths, and cobblers use them to come to set up shop for a day or two near one of the coffee houses. The same roads bring gypsies who occasionally pass through the village to beg and to entertain. On the many occasions when family gatherings are in order, the town relatives of the villagers can reach Vasilika with ease.

● 487 This description has so far primarily concerned itself with Vasilika's accessibility to town or city centers of commerce, government, and recreation.
484 But there are also paths through the fields and into and over the surrounding hills that lead to the neighboring villages. One can still walk or ride a horse or
49 a donkey to reach these settlements. For the women of Vasilika, these are the important routes. By following them, they can reach the homes of their parents and their daughters, attend the engagements, weddings, and saint's day celebrations in their home villages, and perhaps help out when a daughter has a child. These same paths bring the relatives of Vasilika's women into the village on similar occasions. From the standpoint of the rural economy, this network of
[205] paths permits the movement of farm laborers among the villages. Indeed, it is in this way that the postman walks from village to village carrying the mail.

621 The stress on the many avenues of contact with other people and com-
484 munities available to Vasilika's population should not lead one to imagine a bustling, busy center with a constant ebb and flow of traffic. The exact nature of movement in and around the village can be better understood if the spatial arrangement of Vasilika's buildings is known. Social relations among the villagers are also affected by these arrangements.

Inside Vasilika

361 The ridge, on the lowest slopes of which most of the structures are built,
[49] lies, as I have said, a half mile from the main highway and somewhat parallel to it. The highway runs from northwest to southeast, Vasilika's ridge from northwest to east. To reach the first village structure, one walks north about three-
[346] tenths of a mile on a dirt road leading from the highway. Vineyards and fields are on the right; to the left stands the new one-room schoolhouse built in 1959,
[245] with its play yard and surrounding wire fence. A stand of young pines and another of young cypresses, newly planted by the school children, adjoined the
[764] schoolhouse in 1961. On the road, past the schoolhouse, a little further to the

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

795 territory. Kato Nevrokopi, where the Greek Metropolitan has his
648 throne, is a large village, or *comopolis* (it had a pre-war population of
[162] about 2,000 souls), about twelve kilometres from the frontier.[1] The
722 whole of this region was evacuated by the civilian population in
166 March, 1941, when invasion seemed imminent, most of the refugees taking shelter in Drama, some forty-five kilometres to the southward. When the Germans abandoned eastern Macedonia to the Bulgars, all who were able to do so fled to Salonica, Verroia and other towns beyond the river Strymon. It was only after the withdrawal of the Bulgars in the autumn of 1944 that the Greek population began to trickle back.
727 In 1949 no less than twelve of the thirty villages of the diocese were
[736] in ruins and uninhabited, and the number of the orphans was said to
[346] approach 900. Kato Nevrokopi itself, though it still bore traces of the great battle which had raged about the forts of the Metaxas line and their heroic defenders, had come through the years of occupation and the more recent troubles almost unscathed, save for the deliberate destruction of the metropolis and the school.

796 It had been arranged that the Metropolitan should celebrate the
[793] liturgy next morning at the village of Dasoto, four or five miles away, which would be keeping its patronal festival. The day was ushered in by bugle-calls and a great beating of drums, revealing shortly after five o'clock that the newly-formed scout troop was already abroad. These
[233] martial noises were soon mingled with the soft ringing of a multitude
[512] of bells, as the cattle were driven out through the narrow paths between the cottages to the dusty river bed where they assemble each morning
[493] before moving off to the pastures. By a little before seven it had become evident that others besides ourselves were keeping the feast at Dasoto, as a few carts drawn by oxen or buffaloes, together with some solitary riders, rattled across the bridge and headed westwards. We followed
● [487] in a jeep. Our path lay through fields of maize and tall sunflowers, above which occasional glimpses of a blue and white flag of vast dimensions indicated the scouts' line of march, along tracks which a heavy shower would render impassable to anything on wheels. Dasoto
[361] came into view after a quarter of an hour; a cluster of lime-washed
[342] cottages, the church prominent amongst them, on the lower slopes of the heavily wooded heights that surround the plateau.
[793] The parish priest and some thirty or forty men and boys had come as far as the outskirts of the village to welcome us. The Bishop's vestments,

[1] [i.e. Bulgarian frontier - ANALYST]

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

pended in the void, without visible contact with the world which we had revisited the previous afternoon. We returned to the *Igoumenos'* cell and sat and talked around a brazier filled with glowing charcoal, while we waited for the weather to moderate. Father Christopher told us of his own experiences during the troubled years of war; how he had been thrown into prison at Trikkala by the Italians and had escaped by jumping from a window; how several years later he had been carried off by the Communists in company with some 300 men, women and children from Kalambaka, and had been in the mountains for six days before his release; he told us too of the great monastery where he had taken the monastic habit, and of its 366 cells. Father Ambrose joined our little circle and catechised us as to our age, our families, were our parents living, were we married or *agamos*: "Certainly marriage is of God; a soldier from England and a *koritsi* from Piraeus, and God joins them. Truly, this is a great mystery, as says the apostle."

So the morning passed and at midday Father Bessarion reappeared with bean soup and bread for our lunch. By one o'clock the snow had somewhat abated, and since the visibility had increased sufficiently to enable us to see the monastery of Rosani, 500 yards distant, we decided to set out for St. Stephen where we were expected that evening. The *Igoumenos* and Father Ambrose advised us to take the easier, though less direct, path by way of Kalambaka; but being reluctant to add two miles or more to our journey in such weather we insisted on following the path which keeps to the high ground. Father Bessarion accompanied us a little way, and then, since the weather seemed to be improving, he left us after giving us precise directions as to our route.

All went well for a time, despite the fact that the path was entirely obscured beneath the drifting snow, and Rosani (formerly the dwelling of an aged female solitary) gradually faded from our view. Shortly afterwards, however, the mist thickened until visibility was but a few yards, and it was not long before we were in difficulties. For a time we crept along the edge of the abyss, edging our way cautiously across expanses of bare rock scoured by the wind, a thin coating of ice affording none save the most precarious foothold, until it seemed that we must be within a stone's throw of Aghia Trias. Alas! there were no monks left to answer our shouts; no slight thinning of the mist afforded us a momentary glimpse of the encompassing heights such as would have sufficed to give us our bearings. For three hours we wandered in an unfamiliar world until, an hour before dark, the mist lifted somewhat,

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
EH1 Greece EH1

crowd around for advice, loans, seed and the like, and begin to turn to their local village government for assistance in bringing further improvements to the community.

Let us now turn to specific cases, and see what has happened in six representative villages during the past ten years.

Villages of the Plains

LOFISCOS

Lofiscos is situated in the plain of Thessaly, about half a mile off the main trunk road between Larissa and Volos. This is a region of hot summers and cold winters, for Thessaly is landlocked, surrounded west, east and south by precipitous mountains, and exposed to cold northern winds coming down from the plateau of western Macedonia in winter. It is the best wheat land of Greece, and wheat is the major – indeed almost the sole – crop raised by the villagers of Lofiscos today.

As the visitor approaches the village over a wandering track, deeply rutted by trucks that traverse the soft earth during the muddy months of winter and spring, Lofiscos looks shabby and ill-kempt. Houses are scattered irregularly; little fresh paint is in evidence. The dominant structure near the center of the village is a half-ruined rectangular stone tower that looks like and in fact once was a small fortress.

Before 1881, the year in which Thessaly was annexed to Greece, this building was inhabited by a Turkish pasha, who owned the entire area which now belongs to the villagers of Lofiscos. The ground floor was his granary and stable; in the upper story the great man lived with his harem. Since 1881 the building has been abandoned and allowed to decay slowly. The scattered huts in which the villagers live also survive from Turkish times in almost every case. The inhabitants are the

introduced under the direction of the Rockefeller Foundation. In the thirties, the dictator Metaxas introduced a number of changes by fiat, which ran counter to Greek values, but many of which were accepted gratefully by people wearied of political dissension and lack of leadership. World War II, with its displacements and destruction and enemy occupation, the work of UNRRA and the Greek War Relief, and more recently, of the POS agency of the ECA, have all been agents of change.

There are many kinds of Greeks. The million or so Greeks who came from Turkey and Russia in the twenties differ from the so-called "old Greeks". The city Greeks consider themselves very different from the peasants. There is a vogue for peasant handicrafts but not for peasant attitudes. Urban Greeks like to take on the ways of foreigners, to use the products of technology, even the processed foods of technology. Many French and English words are used in their speech. They take on the attitudes of the Western World, using clocked time in business and living a life relatively pressed for time, adopting to some extent the Western scientific approach and objective external limits, instead of the more animistic approach and the body-patterned limits of traditional Greek culture. There are lectures here on health and hygiene, on child care and co-operation and nutrition. In Athens, the music and the drama are excellent, and in line with Euro-American developments. There is rapid transportation. There are many associations based on foreign patterns: the YMCA and the YWCA, the Girl Guides and the Boy Scouts, football groups and hiking groups. There are foreign attitudes about travel: people go to tour the country or the world, instead of going to visit a relative or a family friend or a miraculous shrine. The difference reaches its greatest intensity as between the educated Greeks and the peasants, who, though literate, have no high education.

People of different regions have a different way of life. The mountainous terrain, the absence of easy communication except coast-wise, differences in dialect and local history, and, most of all, the extreme personal independence of the people, have fostered tremendous variation from place to place. To the world at large, a man may be a Greek, but to other Greeks, he is a Macedonian, an Arcadian, or an Epirot. More than this, he comes from a particular village of which he is very proud and for whose honour he competes with other villages. In the United States, Greeks from one village, such as Mani, have organized themselves in a nationwide organization. People from one small island speak of the people of the neighbouring island as queer or ill-mannered. This is as it should be; in Greek culture it is good for everyone to be different or, as the Greeks put it, to be individually formed.

The differences are there but the similarities are more basic. The Athenians, working by clock time, strain at their bonds, and do not